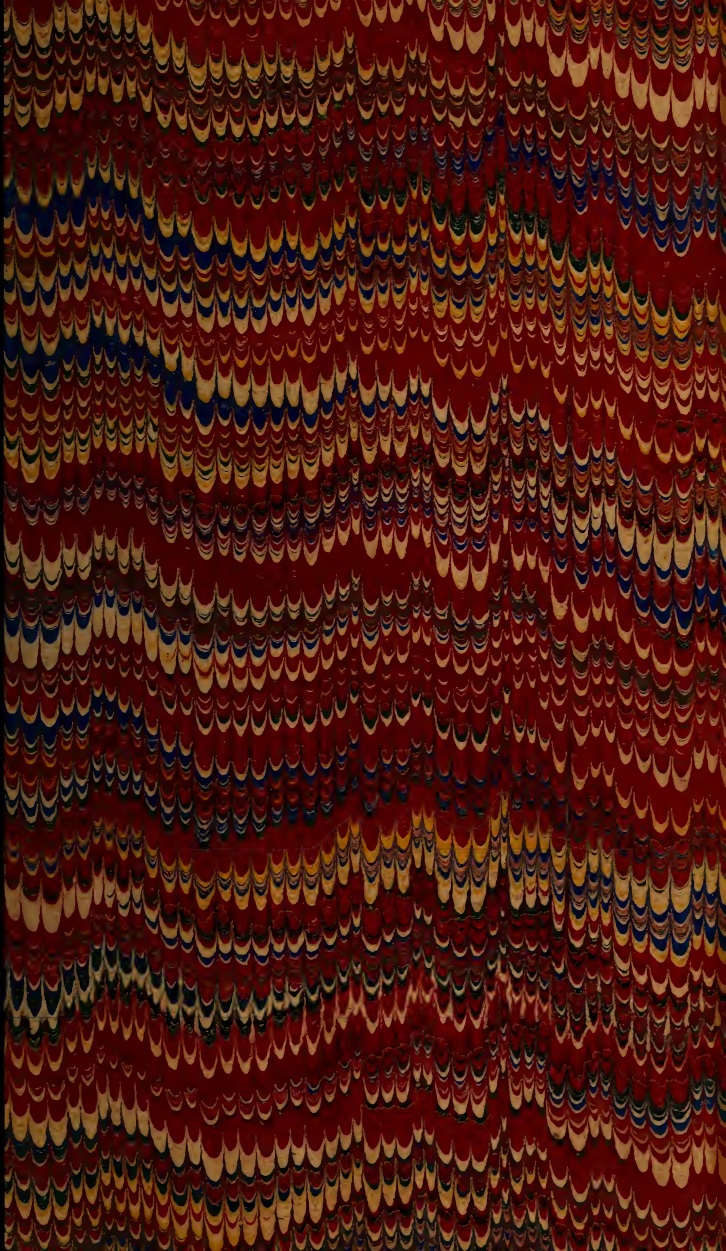


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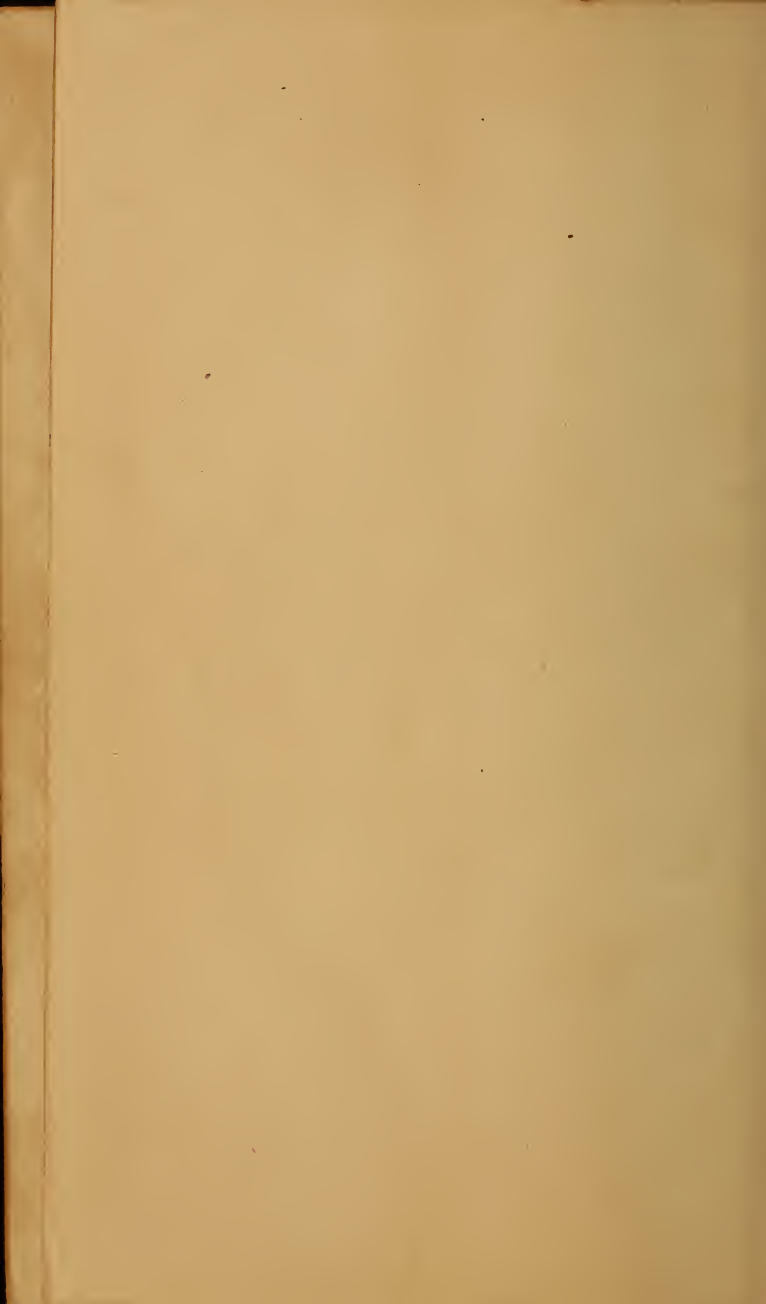
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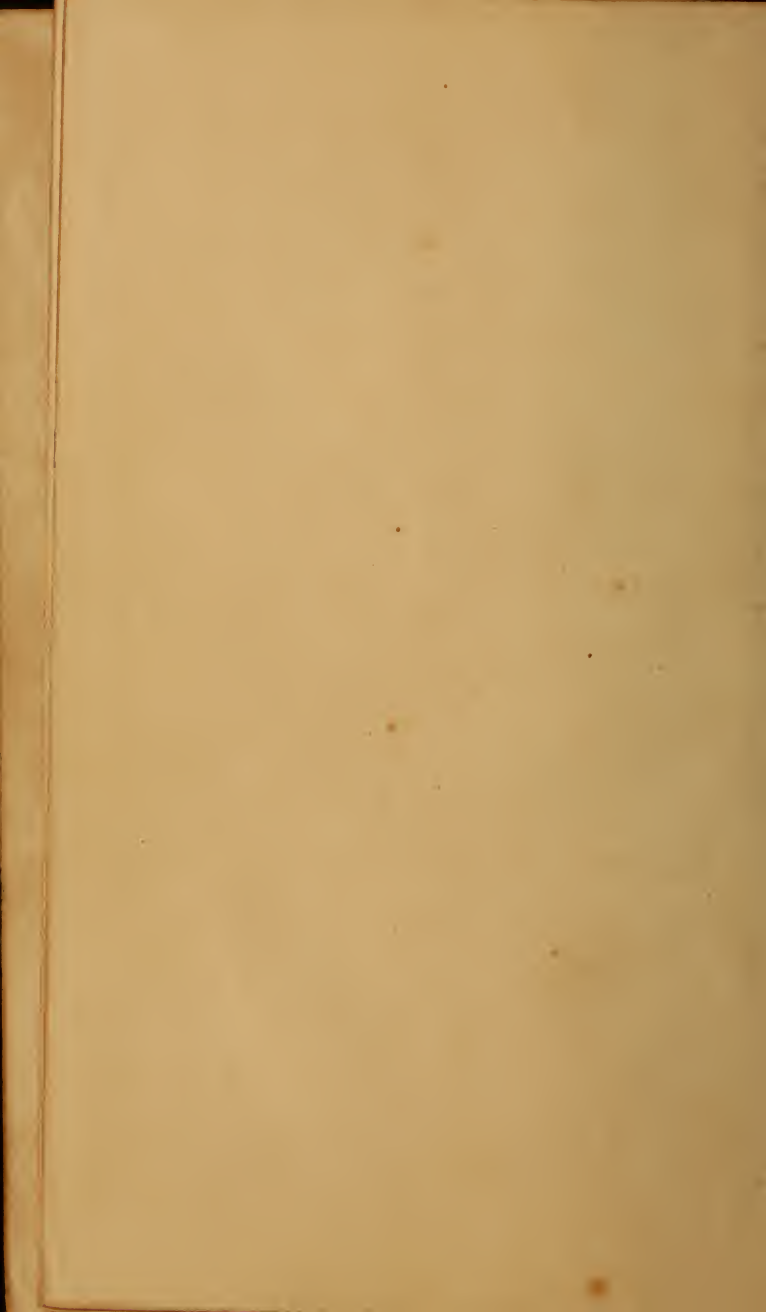
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CLIFTON GROVE,

A SKETCH IN VERSE,

WITH

Other Poems,

BY

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

Of NOTTINGHAM.

Dedicated (by Permission) to Her Grace the DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

Ἔρχεται καὶ κατ' ἐμὴν ἰδὲν πίπτον, ἃ το μελιχρον
Προς μαλακὰς ἔχει κεκλιμένα ζέφυρος.
Ἦν δὲ καὶ κρητισμα μελισσῶν, ἐνθα μελισσῶν
Ἦδ' ἐν ἐρεμιαῖσι ἵππον ἀγῶ κελαιμοῖσι.

ANTHOL. B. I.

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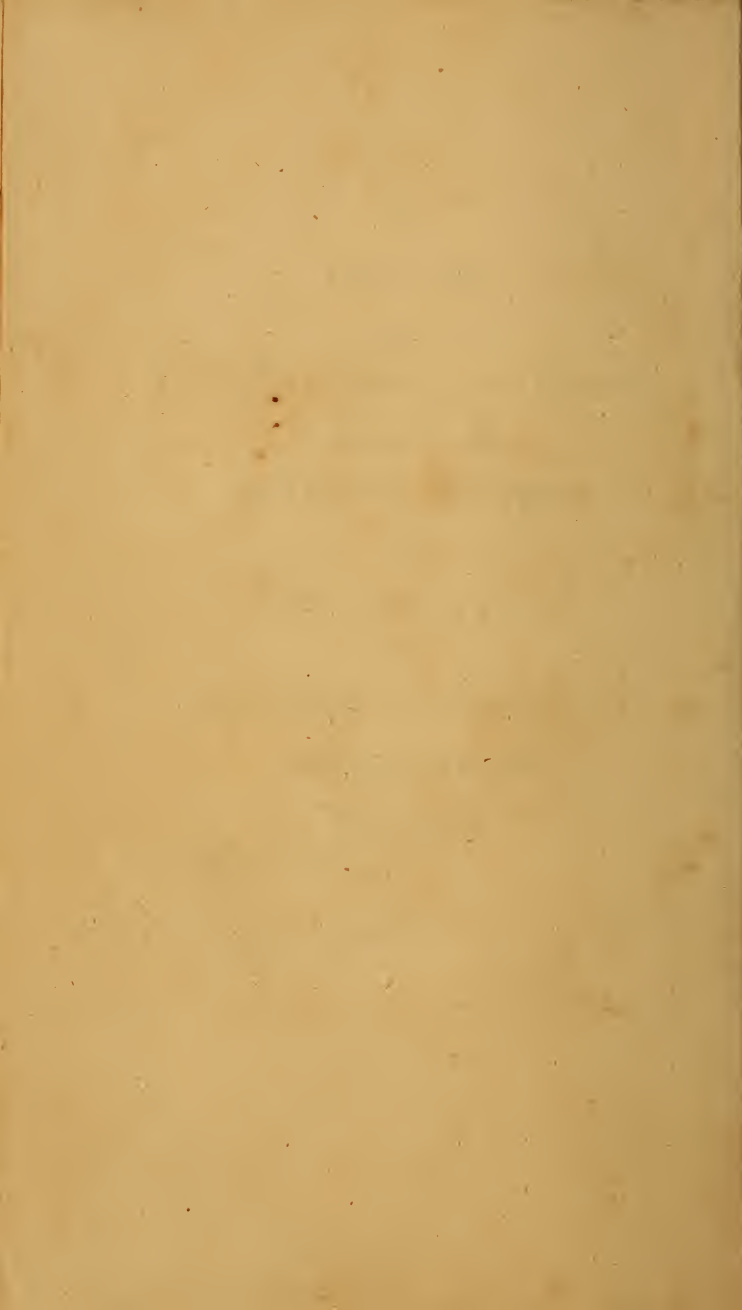
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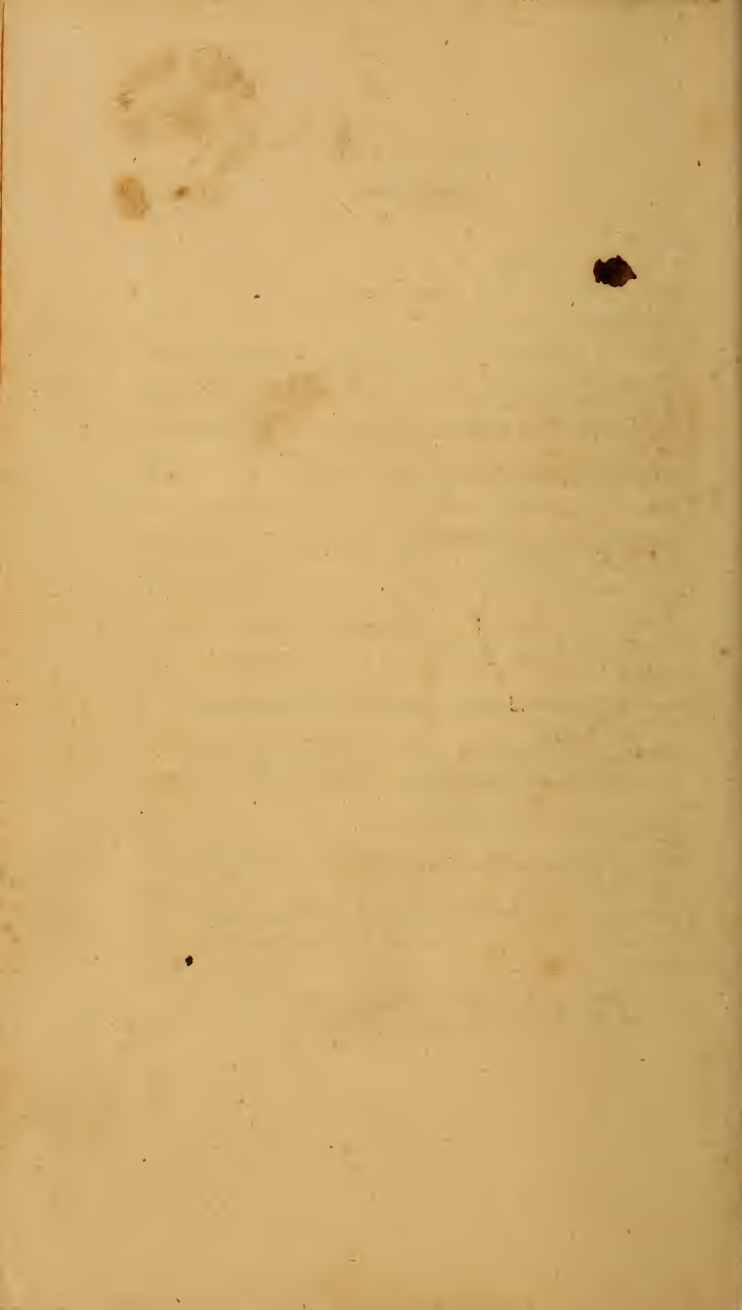
TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE,
THE FOLLOWING
TRIFLING EFFUSIONS
OF
A VERY YOUTHFUL MUSE,
ARE
BY PERMISSION DEDICATED,
BY HER GRACE'S
MUCH OBLIGED
AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

NOTTINGHAM.



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PREFACE.



THE following attempts in Verse, are laid before the Public with extreme diffidence. The Author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of Academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy, and finished elegance, which mark the works of the man, who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a Boy from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active busi-

ness of life, must not be expected to exhibit, any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labor on their amusements; and these poems were most of them written, merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.

Πας τὸ οἰκεῖος ἐργὸν ἀγαπᾷ. “Every one loves his own work,” says the Stagyrte; but it was no overweening affection of this kind, which induced this publication. * Had the author relied on his own judgment only, these poems would not in all probability ever have seen the light. *

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication. He answers—simply these: The facilitation through its means of those studies which from his earliest infancy have been the principal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations

which may one day place him in a honorable station in the scale of society.

The principal poem in this little collection (Clifton Grove) is, he fears, deficient in numbers, and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the author was in his sixteenth year. — The Miscellanies are some of them the productions of a very early age. — Of the Odes, that “To an early Primrose” was written at thirteen, — the others, are of a later date. — The Sonnets are chiefly irregular; they have perhaps no other claim to that specific denomination, than that they consist only of Fourteen lines.

Such are the poems towards which I entreat the lenity of the Public. The Critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn, he may likewise possibly,

discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember, he is holding the iron Mace of Criticism, over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and remembering that, may he forbear from crushing by too much rigour, the painted butterfly, whose transient colours may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.

H. K. WHITE.

NOTTINGHAM.

TO MY LYRE,

An ODE.

1

Thou simple Lyre!—Thy music wild
Has serv'd to charm the weary hour,
And many a lonely night has 'guil'd,
When even pain has own'd, and smil'd,
Its fascinating power.

2

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd
Will little heed thy simple tones;
Them, mightier Minstrels harping loud
Engross,—and thou, and I must shroud
Where dark Oblivion 'thrones.

3

No hand, thy diapason o'er,
Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime ;
For me, no Academic lore
Has taught, the solemn strain to pour,
Or build the polish'd rhyme.

4

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes canst soar ;
Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train :
The rustic swains believe thy pow'r
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,
And still the billowy main.

5

These Honours Lyre, we yet may keep,
I, still unknown, may live with thee,
And gentle Zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep
Beneath the Alder tree.

6

This little dirge, will please me more
Than the full requiem's swelling peal ;
I'd rather than that crouds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
The trickling tear should steal.

7

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay
Perhaps from me debarr'd ;
And dear to me the classic zone,
Which snatch'd from Learning's labour'd throne,
Adorns th' accepted Bard.

8

And O ! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
Where Cam, or Isis winds along,
Perchance inspired with ardour chaste
I yet, might call the ear of Taste
To listen to my song.

9

Oh ! then, my little friend, thy style

I'd change to happier lays,

Oh ! then, the Cloister'd glooms should smile,

And thro' the long the fretted aisle

Should swell the note of praise.

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Clifton Grove.

1
17

1822

CLIFTON GROVE,

A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Lo ! in the West, fast fades the ling'ring light,
 And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
 No more, is heard the Woodman's measur'd stroke
 Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke ;
 No more, hoarse clam'ring o'er th' uplifted head,
 The Crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed ;
 Still'd is the Village hum — the Woodland sounds
 Have ceas'd to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
 And general silence reigns, save when below,
 The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow ;

And save when, swung by 'nighted Rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate :
Or, when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the Rustic wears the social smile,
Releas'd from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his Household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire :
Or, where the Town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And Manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale Mechanic leaves the lab'ring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin :
Now, now, my solitary way I bend
Where solemn Groves in awful state impend,

And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, blest Clifton ! thy sublime domain.
Here, lonely wand'ring o'er the sylvan bow'r,
I come, to pass the meditative hour ;
To bid awhile, the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude, and peace.
And oh ! thou sacred pow'r, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh !
Genius of woodland shades ! whose mild control
Steals with resistless witch'ry to the soul,
Come with thy wonted ardour, and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallow'd fire.
And thou too Fancy ! from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.

At thy command the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo ! what forms appear !
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career !
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the Moon-beam sail.

This gloomy Alcove, darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night ;
Save, when from yonder stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected gives a dubious gleam of day ;
Recalls endearing to my alter'd mind,
Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclin'd
I watch'd the Lapwing to her clam'rous brood ;
Or lur'd the Robin to its scatter'd food ;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted, smil'd.

How oft, when Childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay Romance, o'er every happy day ;
Here, would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse Tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And fancy led, beheld th' Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm ;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific, in the thunders roll.
With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare,
The volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air ;
And, as the warring winds around revil'd,
With awful pleasure big,—I heard, and smil'd.
Belov'd remembrance !—Mem'ry which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here, dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,
In shades like these to live, is to be blest.

While Happiness evades the busy croud
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou, too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness thro' the frame,
Thou here, dost love to sit, with up-turn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the grey-owls silken flight,
The mellow music of the list'ning night.

Congenial calms ! more welcome to my breast
Than madd'ning joy in dazzling lustre drest,
To Heav'n my prayers, my daily prayers, I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days,
Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,
And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.

Why, does he pant for vice's deadly charms ?
Why, clasp the syren pleasure to his arms ?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Tho' fraught with ruin, infamy, and death ?
Could he who thus to vile enjoyments clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs,
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures, of a harmless life,
No more, his soul would pant for joys impure,
The deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet potion he was wont to sip,
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

Fair Nature ! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms :
Thine, are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine, still remain, thro' all the storms of Fate.

Tho' not for me, 'twas Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet still, my lot is blest, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who tho' the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,
Who still, in abject poverty, or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain :
Tho' were his sight convey'd from zone, to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me ;
For me, yon waving fields their burthen bear,
For me, yon lab'rer guides the shining share,
While happy I, in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.

This, is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content, can soothe where'er by Fortune plac'd,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely from this Hill's superior height
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight !
O'er many a varied mile of length'ning ground,
E'en to the blue-ridg'd hill's remotest bound
My ken is borne, while o'er my head serene,
The silver Moon illumines the misty scene,
Now shining clear, now dark'ning in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo ! the peaceful Hamlet lies,
The drowsy God has seal'd the Cotter's eyes,

No more where late the social faggot blaz'd
The vacant peal resounds by little rais'd ;
But, lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's* star
The slumb'ring night rolls on, her velvet car ;
The Church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour, for walking spectres made ;
The simple plough-boy, wak'ning with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceas'd the long, the monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul ;
Save, when disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night,

* The Constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation, vide Ovid's Fasti. B. 11, 113.

Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.
A little onward let me bend my way,
Where the moss'd seat invites the Traveller's stay.
That spot, oh ! yet it is the very same ;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name ;
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest
The Robin unmolested builds its nest.
'Twas here when Hope, presiding o'er my breast,
In vivid colours ev'ry prospect drest ;
'Twas here, reclining I indulg'd her dreams,
And lost the hour in visionary schemes.
Here as I press once more, the ancient seat,
Why, bland deceiver ! not renew the cheat ?

Say, can a few short years this change atchieve,
That thy illusions can no more deceive !
Time's sombrous tints have ev'ry view o'erspread,
And thou too, gay Seducer ! art *thou* fled ?
Tho' vain thy promise, and the suite severe,
Yet thou could'st 'guile Misfortune of her tear,
And oft thy smile across life's gloomy way,
Could throw a gleam of transitory day.
How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems ;
How sweet, is manhood in the infants' dreams.
The dire mistake too soon is brought to light,
And all is buried in redoubled night.
Yet some, can rise superior to the pain,
And in their breasts the charmer Hope retain :
While others, dead to feeling, can survey
Unmov'd, their fairest prospects fade away :

But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast !
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,
And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom,
To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.
So, in these shades, the early primrose blows,
Too soon deceiv'd by suns, and melting snows :
So falls untimely on the desert waste,
Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now pass'd whate'er the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff, I wind my devious way ;
Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.
And oh ! how sweet this walk o'er-hung with wood
That winds the margin of the solemn flood !
What rural objects steal upon the sight !
What rising views prolong the calm delight !

The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by ev'ry zephyr bent,
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket, and the rural style,
And frequent interspers'd, the woodman's pile.

Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods in grand succession rise.
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.
Around, what sounds, what magic sounds arise,
What glimm'ring scenes salute my ravish'd eyes ;
Soft, sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head.
And swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.

Still, ev'ry rising sound of calm delight,
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night ;
Save, when is heard, between each dreary rest,
Discordant, from her solitary nest,
The Owl, dull screaming to the wandering Moon,
Now riding, cloud-wrapt, near her highest noon :
Or when the Wild-Duck, southering, hither rides,
And plunges sullen in the Sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth
Gave to each Tale the holy force of truth,
Have I lone linger'd, while the Milk-maid sung
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung !
That tale, so sad ! which still, to Mem'ry dear,
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear.
And (lull'd to rest stern reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul.

These hallow'd Shades,—these Trees that woo the wind,
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since, in yon Hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-fam'd Clifton Maid.
The beauteous MARGARET, for her each swain
Confest in private his peculiar pain,
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dar'd to hope to win the peerless fair.
No more, the Shepherd on the blooming mead
Attun'd to gaiety his artless reed,
No more, entwin'd the pansied wreath, to deck
His fav'rite wether's unpolluted neck,
But listless by yon babbling stream reclin'd,
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,

Bemoan'd his hapless love, or boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,
O'er distant lands, in search of ease, to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the Maid express'd disdain,
Her, BATEMAN lov'd, nor lov'd the youth in vain.
Full oft low whisp'ring o'er these arching boughs
The echoing vault, responded to their vows,
As here deep hidden from the glare of day,
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the Rustics name ;
'Twas there the blushing Maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane, they oft were seen to hie
When Ev'ning slumber'd on the Western sky.

That blasted Yew, that mouldering Walnut bare,
Each bears memento's of the fated pair.

One Eve, when Autumn loaded ev'ry breeze
With the fall'n honours of the mourning trees,
The Maiden waited at th' accustom'd bow'r,
And waited long beyond th' appointed hour,
Yet Bateman came not ; — o'er the woodland drear,
Howling portentous, did the winds career ;
And bleak, and dismal on the leafless woods,
The fitful rains rush'd down in sudden floods.
The night was dark, as now-and-then, the gale
Paus'd for a moment,—Margaret listen'd, pale ;
But thro' the covert to her anxious ear,
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near.
Strange fears now fill'd her breast,—she knew not why,
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.

She hears a noise, — 'tis he — he comes at last.
— Alas ! 'twas but the gale which hurried past.
But now she hears a quick'ning footstep sound,
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound ;
'Tis Bateman's self, — He springs into her arms,
Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.
“ Yet why this silence ? — I have waited long,
“ And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among,
“ And now thou'rt here my fears are fled — yet speak
“ Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek ?
“ Say, what is wrong ? ” — Now, thro' a parting cloud,
The pale Moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,
And Bateman's face was seen ; — 'twas deadly white,
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.
“ Oh, speak my love ! ” again the Maid conjur'd,
“ Why is thy heart in sullen woe immur'd ? ”

He rais'd his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,
Thrice from his lips th' unfinish'd accents fell;
When thus at last reluctantly he broke
His boding silence, and the maid bespoke.
“ Grieve not my love, but ere the morn advance,
“ I, on these fields, must cast my parting glance;
“ For three long years, by cruel Fate's command,
“ I go to languish in a foreign land.
“ Oh, Marg'ret! omens dire have met my view,
“ Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?
“ Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,
“ Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me?
“ And on the silken couch of wealth reclin'd,
“ Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?”

Oh! why, replies the Maid, my faith thus prove,
Canst thou! ah, canst thou, then suspect my love!

“ Hear me, just God ! if, from my trait’rous heart
My Bateman’s fond remembrance e’er shall part,
If, when he hail again his native shore,
He find his Marg’ret true to him no more,
May fiends of hell, and ev’ry pow’r of dread,
Conjoin’d, then drag me from my perjur’d bed,
And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,
To find deserved death in yonder deeps ! *
Thus spake the Maid, and from her finger drew
A golden ring, and broke it quick in two ;
One half, she in her lovely bosom hides,
The other, trembling to her love confides.

* This part of the Trent is commonly called “ *The Clifton
Deep.*”

“ This bind the vow,” she said,—“ this mystic charm,
“ No future recantation can disarm,
“ The rite vindictive does the Fates involve,
“ No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve.”

She ceas'd. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,
The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,
And once again the Lady of the Night,
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling, she view'd these portents with dismay :
But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away :
Yet still he felt conceal'd a secret smart,
Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody Maiden led.

Still would she trace each dear, each well-known walk,
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,
And fancy, as she pac'd among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on, in silent grief;
The third, her bosom own'd the kind relief;
Absence had cool'd her love,—th' impoverish'd flame
Was dwindling fast, when lo! the Tempter came;
He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,
And the weak Maid became another's Wife!
Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,
When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime.
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim.
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.

Oh ! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose.
Chill'd with amazement,—senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of woe.
Till call'd to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair ;
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes, (by mem'ry ne'er forgot)
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Marg'ret's shame.
'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And trac'd again their former wanderings o'er.
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gaz'd intently on the stealing flood.
Death in his mien, and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by ;

Bade the base Murd'ress triumph o'er his grave—
Prepar'd to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt. — Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his madd'ning mind.
The willows wav'd, the stream it sweetly swept,
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,
And all was peace ;—He felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm :
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove, — in fancy, saw *her* lie,
His Marg'ret, lull'd in Germain's* arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.

* Germain, is the traditionary name of her husband.

Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plung'd, was heard around :
Then all was still,—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before,
The willows wav'd, the moon-beam shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.

Now, see upon the perjur'd fair one hang
Remorse's glooms, and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.

But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
Th' offended God prolong'd her life unblest.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day ;
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.

The hour arriv'd, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life. —
As night drew on, around her bed, a band
Of friends, and kindred kindly took their stand.
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime.
Their pray'rs were fruitless — As the midnight came,
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.
In vain they strove against th' o'erwhelming load,
Some pow'r unseen their drowsy lids bestrode!

They slept, 'till in the blushing eastern sky
The bloomy morning oped her dewy eye ;
Then wak'ning wide they sought the ravish'd bed,
But lo ! the hapless Margaret was fled ;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps intomb'd.

The neighb'ring Rustics told that in the night
They heard such screams, as froze them with affright ;
And many an infant at its mother's breast,
Started dismay'd, from its unthinking rest.
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,
They shew the path, down which the fair was borne.
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to Mem'ry dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my list'ning ear.
That Tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats ;
And even now, with Melancholy pow'r,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
'Mid all the charms by magic Nature giv'n
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legend of the scenes.
This, sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellow gloom upon the woods ;
This, as the distant cataract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound ;
This, and the deep'ning glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,

The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad Islands, and the nodding trees,
The length'ning vista, and the present gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume ;
These are thy charms, the joys which these impart
Bind thee, blest Clifton ! close around my heart.

Dear Native Grove ! where'er, my devious track,
To thee will Mem'ry lead the wand'rer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or, where " Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day ;
Or wander lone, where wildering, and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side ;
Or, by old Tago's classic margent muse,
Or stand entranc'd with Pyrenean views ;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point, and lead the wand'rer home.

When splendor offers, and when Fame incites,
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,
Reject the boon, and weary'd with the change,
Renounce the wish which first induc'd to range ;
Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once
more,

Trace once again Old Trent's romantic shore,
And tir'd with worlds, and all their busy ways,
Here waste the little remnant of my days.
But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die ;
Oh ! should it please the world's supernal King,
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing ;
Or, that my corse, should on some desert strand,
Lie, stretch'd beneath the Simoöm's blasting hand ;
Still, tho' unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander thro' this fav'rite gloom,

Ride, on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh, on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.



Miscellaneous Poems.



*GONDOLINE,**A Ballad,**IN THE STYLE OF THE ANCIENT RELIQUES.*

The night it was dark, and the moon it shone

Serenely on the Sea,

And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock

They murmur'd pleasantly.

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,

A maiden full fair to the sight;

Tho' love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,

And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
 It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in fancy's ear,
 Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
 Of all our good King's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
 To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,
 And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
 Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The Ocean's misty face ;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And ev'ry night she plac'd a light
In the high rock's lonely tow'r,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest low'r.

But now despair had seiz'd her breast,
And sunken in her eye :
“ Oh ! tell me but if Bertrand live,
“ And I in peace will die.”

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The Curlieu scream'd above,
She heard the scream with a sickening heart,
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
“ Oh ! tell me but if Bertrand live,
“ And I in peace shall die.”

And now she came to a horrible rift
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak, and blasted Oak, o'erspread
The Cavern yawning wide.

And pendant from its dismal top
The deadly night-shade hung,
The Hemlock, and the Aconite,
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within, was dark, and drear,
And all without, was calm,
Yet Gondoline enter'd, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And, as she enter'd the Cavern wide,
The Moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipp'd, and she stood aghast,
 She trod on a bloated toad ;
Yet still, upheld by the secret charm,
 She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
 Mysterious sounds arose,
So, on the Mountain's piny top,
 The blust'ring North-wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
 Were heard with thund'ring sound,
Till they died away, in soft decay,
 Low whisp'ring o'er the ground.

Yet still, the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Tho' each big glaring ball of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came,
She follow'd, till upon her sight,
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul,
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
 No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
 No mortal shall see more.

A burning Cauldron stood in the midst,
 The flame was fierce, and high,
And all the Cave so wide, and long,
 Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the Cauldron stout
 Twelve wither'd witches stood :
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
 And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too ; and red
And fiercely, flam'd their eyes ;
And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And utter'd a joyous cry,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danc'd right merrily.

And now they stopt ; and each prepar'd
To tell what she had done,
Since last the Lady of the night,
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she lean'd fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose : She said she'd seen
Rare sport, since the blind cat mew'd,
She'd been to sea, in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,
And rais'd a devilish rout ;
And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard
Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave,
And there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft, its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguil'd.

And there was too in that same bark,
A father, and his son ;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old, and woe-begone.

And when the Tempest waxed strong,
And the Bark could no more it 'bide,
She said, it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child
Unto her breast and wept ;
And sweetly folded in her arms
The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o' th' wind
As manfully it roar'd,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
 'Twas a glorious sight to see ;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
 From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
 And it was soft and fair,
It must have been a lovely child
 To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms
 He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes they fast arose,
 His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
And his face grew deadly blue ;
And the father he tore his thin grey hair,
And kiss'd the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bor'd a hole
In the bark, and it fill'd away :
And 'twas rare to hear, how some did swear,
And some did vow, and pray.

The man, and woman, they soon were dead,
The Sailors their strength did urge ;
But the billows that beat, were their winding-sheet,
And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danc'd right merrily.

The second begun, she said she had done
The task that Queen Hecat' had set her,
And that the devil, the father of evil,
Had never accomplish'd a better.

She said, there was an aged woman
And she had a daughter fair,
Whose evil habits fill'd her heart
With misery, and care.

The daughter had a paramour,
A wicked man was he,
And oft the woman, him against,
Did murmur grievously.

And the Hag had work'd the daughter up
To murder her old mother,
That then she might seize on all her goods,
And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,
And pondering sorely on the life
Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor,
And she rais'd her pallid head,
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
Approaching to her bed.

And she said, 'my child I'm very ill,
I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murd'ress bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp, bright knife,
And the Mother saw her fell intent,
And hard she begg'd for life.

But pray'rs would nothing her avail,
And she screamed loud with fear ;
But the house was lone, and the piercing screams
Could reach no human ear.

And tho' that she was sick, and old,
She struggled hard, and fought.
The murd'ress cut three fingers thro'
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the Hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danc'd right merrily.

The third arose : She said she'd been
To Holy Palestine ;
And seen more blood in one short day,
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The Hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said, that she in human gore,
Above the knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had play'd.

There was a gallant featur'd youth,
Who like a Hero fought ;
He kiss'd a Bracelet on his wrist,
And ev'ry danger sought.

And in a Vassal's garb disguis'd
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,
His love, had given her hand,
Unto a wealthy Thane :—and thought,
Him, dead in holy land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
It would have made a Wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,
And sought the Battle's bed :
And soon all mangled o'er with wounds
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse, she tore
His head, half clove in two.
She ceas'd, and from beneath her garb,
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their socks,
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas BERTRAND'S HEAD!! With a horrible scream,
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding-place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled,—The cauldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the Dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding thro' the gloom.

Insensible, the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground;
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke,—she half arose,—and wild,
She cast a horrid glare,
The sounds had ceas'd, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

And thro' an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And shew'd a river in the Cave
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black it sounded deep
As it rush'd the rocks between,
It offer'd well, for madness fir'd
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, The torrent moan'd
With its accustom'd sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS,

In the MORNING, before DAY-BREAK.

Ye many-twinkling Stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems!—big as the burning sun,
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye,
Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you I raise,
My lowly orisons, while all bewilder'd,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts,
Too vast, too boundless, for our narrow mind,
Warp'd with low prejudices, to infold,

And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring ;
Thro' ye, I raise my solemn thoughts to him !
The mighty founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator ! Him ! who now sublime
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

Th' angelic Hosts in their inferior Heav'n,
Hymn to their golden Harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, " The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene—The Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, " The Lord is great"
Responding to the Seraphim. — O'er all,

From orb, to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne
Till the whole universe is full of HIM.

Oh ! 'tis this heav'nly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my list'ning ear
And thrills my inmost soul.—It bids me smile
On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.

Oh ! what is Man, when at ambition's height,
What ev'n are Kings, when balanc'd in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds. — Almighty God !
Thou ! the dread Author of these wond'rous works !
Say, canst thou cast on me poor passing worm,
One look of kind Benevolence ? — Thou canst :

For thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me, as to the proud,
The pageant insects, of a glittering hour.

Oh ! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant, do all the joys
The gaudes, and honours of the world appear !
How vain ambition !—Why, has my wakeful lamp
Outwatch'd the slow-pac'd night ?—Why on the page,
The Schoolman's labour'd page, have I employ'd
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature ?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health ? or can the hope of glory,
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,

Cool, even now, my feverish, aching brow,
Relume, the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek ?

Say, foolish one—can that unbodied Fame,
For which thou barter'st health and happiness,
Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave ?
Give a new zest to bliss ? or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign ?

Alas ! how vain, are mortal man's desires !
How fruitless his pursuits ! Eternal God !
Guide thou my footsteps in the way of Truth,
And oh ! assist me so to live on Earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling, — All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY

A LOVER, AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS,

Occasioned by a Situation in a Romance.

MARY, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,
 And on the turf, thy lover sad is kneeling,
 The big tear in his eye. — Mary awake,
 From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight
 On the pale Moonboam gliding.—Soft, and low,
 Pour on the silver ear of night thy tale,
 Thy whisper'd tale, of comfort, and of love,
 To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,
 And cheer his breaking heart.—Come, as thou didst,

When o'er the barren Moors the night-wind howl'd,
And the deep thunders shook the ebon throne
Of the startled night. — O ! then, as lone reclining
I listen'd sadly, to the dismal storm,
Thou, on the lambent light'nings wild careering
Didst strike my moody eye :—Dead pale thou wert,
Yet passing lovely.—Thou didst smile upon me,
And oh ! thy voice it rose so musical,
Betwixt the hollow pauses of the storm,
That at the sound the winds forgot to rave,
And the stern Demon of the Tempest, charm'd
Sunk on his rocking throne, to still repose,
Lock'd in the arms of silence.

Spirit of her !

My only love !—O ! now again arise,
And let once more thine æery accents fall

Soft on my list'ning ear. The night is calm,
The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence
With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely swelling
On the still air, the distant waterfall
Mingles its melody ;—and high, above,
The pensive Empress of the solemn night,
Fitful, emerging from the rapid clouds,
Shews her chaste face, in the meridian sky.
No wicked elves upon the *Warlock-knoll*
Dare now assemble at their mystic revels.
It is a night, when from their primrose beds
The gentle ghosts of injur'd innocents,
Are known to rise, and wander on the breeze,
Or take their stand by the Oppressor's couch,
And strike dim terror to his guilty soul.
The Spirit of my Love might now awake,
And hold its custom'd converse.

Mary, lo!

Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave,
And calls upon thy name.—The breeze that blows
On his wan cheek, will soon sweep over him
In solemn music, a funereal dirge,
Wild and most sorrowful.—His cheek is pale,
The worm that prey'd upon thy youthful bloom,
It canker'd green on his,—Now lost he stands,
The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew
Which bathes his aching temples gives sure omen
Of speedy dissolution. —— Mary, soon,
Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine,
And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.

MY STUDY,

A LETTER IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.



You bid me, Ned, describe the place
 Where I, one of the rhyming race,
 Pursue my studies *con amore*,
 And wanton with the Muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight,
 Upon the House's topmost height,
 A closet, just six feet by four,
 With white-wash'd walls, and plaister floor.

So noble large, 'tis scarcely able
T' admit a single chair and table :
And (lest the Muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold ;
So wond'rous small, 'twould much it pose
To melt the ice-drop on one's nose ;
And yet so big, it covers o'er
Full half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim,
That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My Furniture, I sure may crack —
A broken chair without a back ;

A table, wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs ;
A desk — of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble Servant ;
(Who, tho' I say't, am no such fumbler)
A glass decanter, and a tumbler,
From which, my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious, with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me, in all directions ;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em,
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these, if you will add a store,
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of Globes, electric balls,
Scales, Quadrants, Prisms and Coblers' Awls,

And crowds of books, on rotten shelves,
Octavo's, Folio's, Quarto's, Twelves ;
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay, — I nearly had left out
My bellows destitute of snout ;
And on the walls, — Good Heavens ! why there
I've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,
And Organ works, and broken pedals,
(For I was once a building Music,
Tho' soon of that employ I grew sick)
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root ;
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.

There stands, just by a broken sphere,
And Cicero without an ear,
A neck, on which by logic good
I know for sure a head *once* stood ;
But who it was the able Master,
Had moulded in the mimic plaister,
Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
I never yet could justly learn :
But knowing well, that any head
Is made to answer for the dead,
(And Sculptors first their faces frame,
And after pitch upon a name,
Nor think it ought of a misnomer
To christen Chaucer's busto, Homer,
Because they both have beards, which you know
Will mark them well from Joan, and Juno,)

For some great man, I could not tell
But NECK might answer just as well,
So perch'd it up, all in a row
With Chatham, and with Cicero.

Then all around in just degree,
A range of portraits you may see,
Of mighty men, and eke of women
Who are no wit inferior *to* men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round,
I call my garret, classic ground.
For tho' confin'd, 'twill well contain
Th' ideal flights of Madam Brain.
No dungeon's walls, no cell confin'd,
Can cramp the energies of mind !

Thus, tho' my heart may seem so small,
I've friends, and 'twill contain them all;
And should it e'er become so cold
That these, it will no longer hold,
No more may Heaven her blessings give;
I shall not then be fit to live.

Odes.

TO THE MORNING.

Written during Illness.

Beams of the day-break faint ! I hail
 Your dubious hues, as on the robe
 Of night, which wraps the slumb'ring globe,
 I mark your traces pale.
 Tir'd with the taper's sickly light,
 And with the wearying, number'd night,
 I hail the streaks of morn divine :

And lo! they break between the dewy wreathes
That round my rural casement twine,
The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes,
It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife
And cheerily re-illumes the lambent flame of life.

The Lark has her gay song begun
She leaves her grassy nest,
And soars 'till the *unrisen sun*
Gleams on her speckled breast.
Now, let me leave my restless bed,
And o'er the spangled uplands tread.
Now thro' the custom'd wood-walk wend;
By many a green lane lies my way,
Where high o'er head the wild-briers bend,
'Till on the Mountain's summit grey,
I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh Heaven ! the soft refreshing gale
It breathes into my breast,
My sunk eye gleams, my cheek so pale
Is with new colours drest
Blythe Health ! thou soul of life and ease !
Come thou too, on the balmy breeze,
Invigorate my frame :
I'll join, with thee, the buskin'd chace,
With thee the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view,
Before me all is burnish'd gold,
Behind the twilight's hue.
The mists which on old night await,

Far to the West, they hold their state,
They shun the clear, blue face of morn ;
Along the fine cerulean sky
The fleecy clouds successive fly,
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds adorn.

And hark ! the Thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves,
And oft the Hedger's Bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves.
The slow team creaks upon the road
The noisy whip resounds,
The driver's voice, his carol blythe,
The Mower's stroke, his whetting scythe,
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat,
Beneath these clumps of trees,
The early dawn of day to greet
And catch the healthy breeze,
Than on the silken couch of sloth,
Luxurious to lie ;
Who would not from life's dreary waste,
Snatch when he could with eager haste
An interval of joy.

To him, who simply thus recounts
The morning's pleasures o'er,
Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close
To ope on him no more.
Yet morning ! unrepining still
He'll greet thy beams awhile,

And, surely thou, when o'er his grave

Solemn the whisp'ring willows wave,

Wilt sweetly on him smile.

And the pale Glow-worm's pensive light,

Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless night.

To an Early PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nurs'd in whirling storms
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young spring first question'd winter's sway,
And dar'd the sturdy Blust'rer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his Victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale.
Unnotic'd, and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life, she rears her head
Obscure and unobserv'd ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

*To the Herb ROSEMARY.**

1

Sweet scented flow'r ! who'rt wont to bloom

On January's front severe ;

And o'er the wint'ry desart drear

To waft thy waste perfume !

Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,

And I will bind thee round my brow,

And as I twine the mournful wreath,

I'll weave a melancholy song,

And sweet the strain shall be, and long,

The melody of death.

* The Rosemary buds in January—It is the flower commonly put in the Coffins of the Dead.

2

Come fun'ral flow'r ! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.

Come press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly Alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble Solitude,
So peaceful, and so deep.

3

And hark ! the wind-god as he flies
Moans hollow in the Forest-trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze
Mysterious music dies.

Sweet flow'r, that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead ;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed

Sonnets.

SONNET I.

To the River TRENT. Written on Recovery from Sickness.

Once more, O Trent ! along thy pebbly marge

A pensive Invalid, reduc'd, and pale,

From the close sick-room newly let at large,

Woos to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.

O ! to his ear how musical the tale

Which fills with joy the Thrastle's little throat !

And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail

How wildly novel on his senses float !

It was on this that many a sleepless night,
As, lone, he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
And at his casement, heard with wild affright,
The Owl's dull wing, and melancholy scream,
On this, he thought, this, this, his sole desire,
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

SONNET II.

Give me a Cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days :
And, by the beauties of the scene beguil'd,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing Goat,
List to the Mountain Torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse Bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys ;
But, with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete nor covet more ;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

SONNET III.*

*Supposed to be addressed by a FEMALE LUNATIC to a
LADY.*

LADY, thou weepest for the Maniac's woe,
 And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art young,
 Oh may thy bosom never, never know
 The pangs with which my wretched heart is wrung.
 I had a mother once—a brother too—
 (Beneath yon yew my Father rests his head :)
 I had a lover once,—and kind, and true,
 But Mother, Brother, Lover, all are fled !

* This Quaterzain had its rise from an elegant Sonnet,
 “occasioned by seeing a young Female Lunatic,” written
 by Mrs. Loft, and published in the Monthly Mirror.

Yet, whence the tear which dims thy lovely eye ?

Oh ! gentle Lady—not for me thus weep,

The green sod soon upon my breast will lie,

And soft, and sound, will be my peaceful sleep.

Go thou, and pluck the roses while they bloom—

My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

SONNET IV.

*Supposed to be written by the unhappy Poet DERMODY, in a
Storm, while on board a Ship, in his Majesty's service.*

Lo ! o'er the Welkin, the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
Rocks the poor Sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,
While the pale Pilot o'er the helm reclin'd
Lists to the changeful storm : and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him, sad,
Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad,
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes ;
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,

View the drear Tempest, and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep,
For not for me, shall wife, or children mourn,
And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell
Sweetly as solemn peal, of pious passing-bell

SONNET V.

The WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee Trav'ler, on thy Journey far ;
 The wind is bitter keen,—The Snow o'erlays
 The hidden pits, and dang'rous hollow-ways,
 And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star
 To-night will guide thee Trav'ler,—and the war
 - Of winds and elements, on thy head will break,
 And in thy agonizing ear the shriek,
 Of spirits howling on their stormy car
 Will often ring appalling—I portend
 A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed
 Thoughts Traveller of thee, will fill my head,
 And him, who rides where winds, and waves contend
 And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
 His lonely bark thro' the tempestuous tide.

SONNET VI.

By CAPEL LOFFT, Esq.

This Sonnet, was addressed to the Author of this volume, and was occasioned by several little Quatorzains, misnomer'd Sonnets, which he published in the Monthly Mirror. He begs leave to return his thanks to the much-respected Writer, for the permission so politely granted to insert it here, and, for the good opinion he has been pleased to express, of his productions.

Ye whose aspirings court the Muse of lays,
 "Severest of those orders which belong,
 Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,"
 Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze?
 And why its name, boast of Petrarchian days,
 Assume, its rules disown'd? whom from the throng
 The Muse selects, their ear the charm obeys

Of its full Harmony :—they fear to wrong
The *Sonnet*, by adorning with a name .
Of that distinguish'd import, lays, tho' sweet,
Yet not in magic texture taught to meet
Of that so varied and peculiar Frame.
O think !—to vindicate its genuine praise
Those it beseems whose *Lyre* a favouring impulse sways !

SONNET VII.

RECANTATORY, in reply to the foregoing
ELEGANT ADMONITION.

Let the sublimer Muse, who wrapt in Night,
Rides on the Raven pennons of the storm,
Or o'er the field with purple havock warm
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight;
Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its wild cadence to conform,
Th' impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.

But me, far lowliest of the sylvan train,

Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest-shade
With wildest song ;—Me, much behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,
And give it pow'r to please, as soft it flows
Thro' the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

SONNET VIII.

On hearing the Sounds of an ÆOLIAN HARP.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust, it did career,
It might have sooth'd its rugged Charioteer,
And sunk him to a Zephyr ;—then it died,
Melting in melody ;—and I descried
Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of Druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Pour'd his lone song, to which the Surge replied :
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell
Lost in some wild enchanted Forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung ; or are these sounds,

Such, as 'tis said at night are known to swell
By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad ! portending death ?

SONNET IX.

What art thou MIGHTY ONE ! and where thy seat ?

Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,

And thou dost bear within thine awful hands,

The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.

Stern on thy dark-wrought Car of cloud, and wind,

Thou guid'st the Northern storm at night's dead noon

Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon

Disturb'st the sleeping Giant of the Ind.

In the drear silence of the polar span

Dost thou repose ? or in the solitude

Of sultry tracts, where the lone Caravan

Hears nightly howl the Tiger's hungry brood.

Vain thought ! the confines of HIS throne to trace

Who glows thro' all the fields of boundless space.

A BALLAD.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,
Ye pelting rains a little rest ;
Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts
That wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh cruel was my faithless love,
To triumph o'er an artless maid ;
Oh cruel was my faithless love,
To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exil'd from my native home,
He should have wip'd the bitter tear ;
Nor left me faint and lone to roam
A heart-sick weary wand'rer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms,
The winds they will not let it sleep;
Ah, little knows the hapless Babe
What makes its wretched mother weep!

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,
I cannot bear thy sobs to see,
Harsh is thy father, little one,
And never will he shelter thee.

Oh that I were but in my grave,
And winds were piping o'er me loud,
And thou my poor, my orphan Babe,
Wert nestling in thy Mother's shroud!

The LULLABY

*Of a FEMALE CONVICT to her CHILD, the Night previous
to Execution.*

*Sleep Baby mine enkerchieft on my bosom,
Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast ;
Sleep Baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother
To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining,
Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled ;
Hush, hush my babe, the night is quickly waning,
And I would fain compose my aching head.

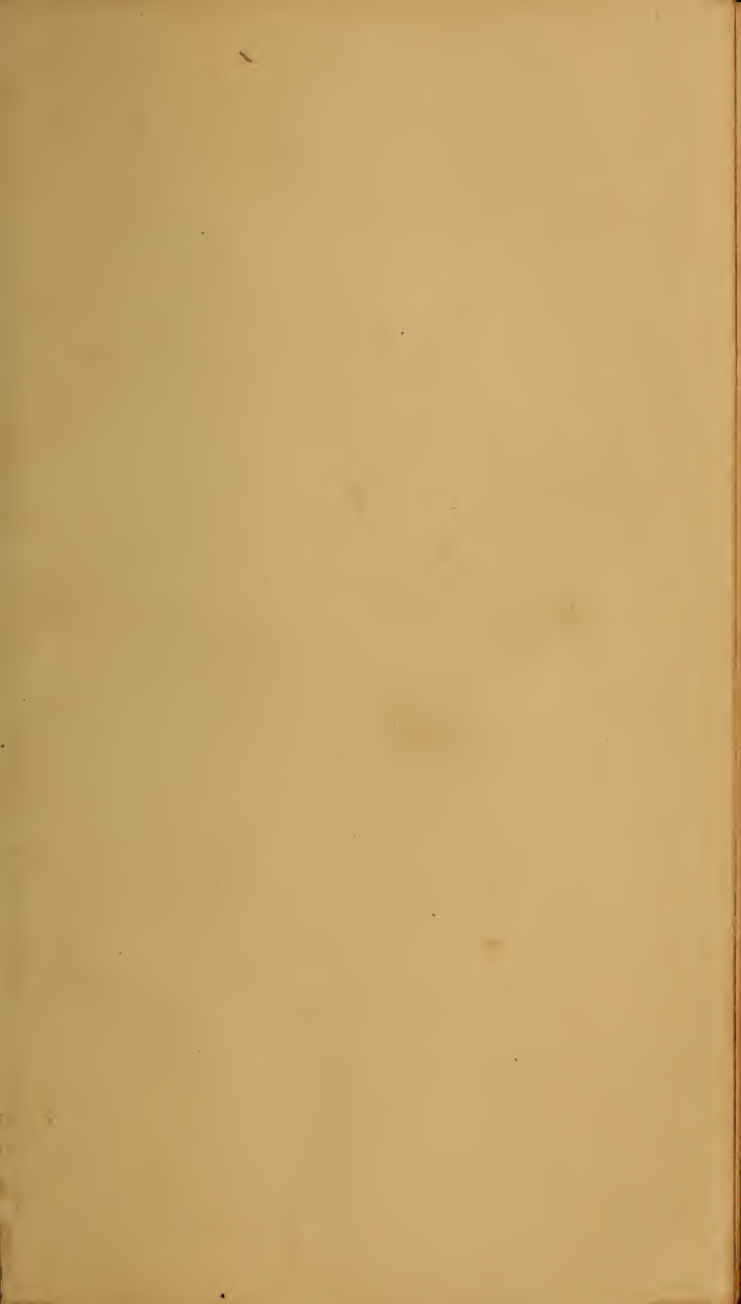
* Sir Philip Sidney has a poem beginning " Sleep Baby mine."

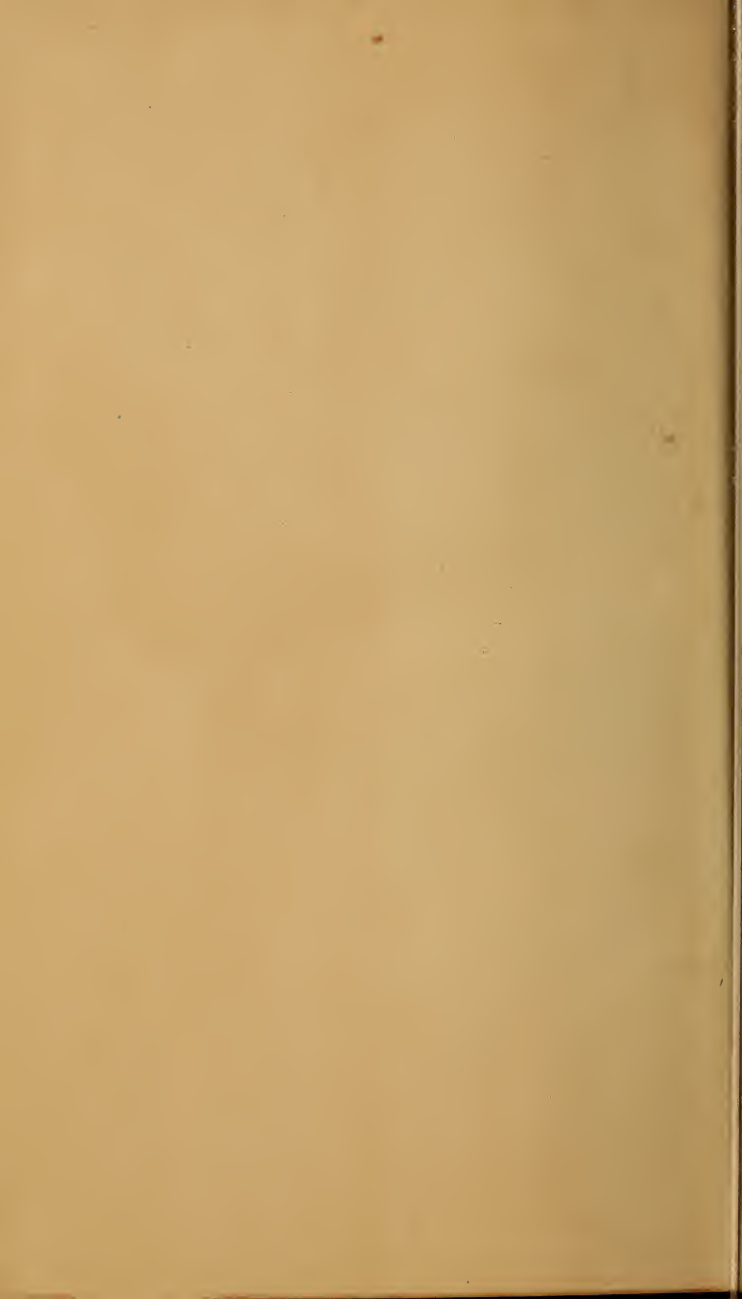
Poor wayward wretch ! and who will heed thy weeping,
When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be :
Who then will soothe thee when thy mother's sleeping
In her low grave of shame and infamy !

Sleep Baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee,
And I would snatch an interval of rest ;
Sleep these last moments ere the laws bereave thee,
For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

THE END.

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